Baſſ. Our feaſt ſhalbe much honored in your mariage.
Gra. Wele play with them the firſt boy for a thouſand ducats.
Ner. What, and ſtake downe?
Gra. No, we ſhall nere win at that ſport and ſtake downe.
But who comes heere? *Lorenzo* and his infidell?
vvhat, and my old Venecian friend, *Salerio*?

Enter *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica*, and *Salerio* a meſſenger from Venice.

Baſſa. *Lorenzo* and *Salerio*, welcome hether,
if that the youth of my newe intreſt heere
haue power to bid you welcome: by your leaue
I bid my very friends and countrymen
ſweet *Portia* welcome.
Por. So doe I my Lord, they are intirely welcome.
Lor. I thanke your honour, for my part my Lord
my purpoſe was not to haue ſeene you heere,
but meeting with *Salerio* by the way,
he did intreate me paſt all ſaying nay,
to come with him along.
Sal. I did my Lord,
and I haue reaſon for it, Signior *Anthonio*
commends him to you.
Baſſ. Ere I ope his Letter,
I pray you tell me how my good friend doth.
Sal. Not ſicke my Lord, vnleſſe it be in mind,
nor well, vnleſſe in mind: his letter there
vvill ſhow you his eſtate. *open the letter.* *He opens*
Gra. *Nerriſſa*, cheere yond ſtranger, bid her welcom.
Your hand *Salerio*, what's the newes from Venice?
How doth that royall Merchant good *Anthonio*?
I know he will be glad of our ſucceſſe,
We are the *Iaſons*, we haue wone the fleece.
Sal. I would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt.
Por. There are ſome ſhrowd contents in yond ſame paper,
That ſteales the colour from *Baſſanios* cheeke,
Some deere friend dead, elſe nothing in the world
could turne ſo much the conſtitution

of any conſtant man: what worſe and worſe?
With leaue *Baſſanio*, I am halfe your ſelfe,
and I muſt freely haue the halfe of any thing
that this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweete *Portia*,
heere are a few of the vnpleaſant'ſt words
that euer blotted paper. Gentle Lady,
when I did firſt impart my loue to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
ranne in my vaines, I was a gentleman,
and then *I* told you true: and yet deere Lady,
rating my ſelfe at nothing, you ſhall ſee
how much *I* was a Braggart, when I told you
my ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then haue told you
that *I* was worſe then nothing; for indeede
I haue ingag'd my ſelfe to a deere friend,
ingag'd my friend to his meere enemie
to feede my meanes. Heere is a letter Lady,
the paper as the body of my friend,
and euery word in it a gaping wound,
iſſuing life blood. But is it true *Salerio*?
hath all his ventures faild? what, not one hit,
from Tripolis, from Mexico and England,
from Liſbon, Barbary, and *I*ndia,
and not one veſſell ſcape the dreadfull touch
of Merchant-marring rocks?
Sal. Not one my Lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appeare, that if he had
the preſent money to diſcharge the Iew,
hee would not take it: neuer did *I* know
a creature that did beare the ſhape of man,
ſo keene and greedie to confound a man.
He plyes the Duke at morning and at night,
and doth impeach the freedome of the ſtate
if they deny him iuſtice. Twentie Merchants,
the Duke himſelfe, and the Magnificoes
of greateſt port haue all perſwaded with him,